

THE CLARION.

FOR THE CLARION.]

UNKNOWN.

D. J. ARBUTT.

It has been long years since she prayed that
last prayer
With hands resting tenderly down on his
hair,
Her patient eyes all blurred with the
tears
Of parting and misery, and undefined fears
Of what the future would bear in its arms
for her boy,
Whether darkness or sunlight, sorrow or
joy,
Or whether she'd gaze on his form once
again
E're in the dark grave by strange hands it
was laid,
And as the sun went to sleep in the crimson-
ing west,
And the birds had ceased singing and flown
home to the nest,
The cows lowing meekly as they came up
the lane
With the dog at their heels to drive faster
the train,
From the wide furrowed plains stretching
far to the west
Came the song of the field hands coming
to rest,
The ringdoves low cooing from the old gar-
den wall,
And the night slipping up and covering all,
And when the watch stars trembled out
from on high,
And the young moon hung smiling, low
down in the sky,
He received mother's kiss, a close, tearful
embrace,
One long, lingering look in the old faded
face,
A last, sorrowful glance from dear, faithful
eyes,
That were seemingly lit by the lamps in the
skies;
With a sobbed farewell and half-maddened
look
At the home he was leaving forever—he
took
His way down the path and out at the bars
Leaving mother at prayer, alone with the
stars,
He saw her no more; when one year had
passed,
And the bells of the new had ceased to be
told,
That tired old form was laid down to rest
In slumber eternal upon the gray breast
Of earth, while the birds and the flowers
Sang and blossomed in beauty all thro' the
long hours,
And still wandering on in sad-hearted lot,
Her boy in his recklessness knowing it not,
Oh! mother, the years have seemed long to
your child!
Their tempests are merciless, their ravages
wild,
His heart has been seared by suspicion and
sorrow,
And the mantle of impurities of life that are
born,
Are crushed in their infancy; the world's
wifful tongue
Has thundered his doom, his misery sung.
The only bow that now spans the black
clouds above
Is the memory of you, your faith and your
love,
And oh! if his prayers could call back the
days
That are hidden, enveloped 'way back in the
haze
Of the past, every hope on the earth
Every cherished ambition that ever had
birth,
Would be given so eagerly just for one hour
Of boyhood's peace and of childhood's
power.
He would kiss the damp grave and that
covers your head
If he could but snatch you away from the
dead,
Just long enough to hold him again to your
heart
As you did in the days e're fate forced you
apart,
Just once more to hear your voice speaking
low
As it spoke to his baby days, long, long
ago,
To feel your soft hands caressing his hair,
Soothing his weanings, banishing care,
Forgetting earth's woes in your sheltering
arms,
A child again, heedless of life's wild alarms,
But Oh, mother you're buried, too far and
too deep
Beneath the twin willows that silently weep,
To hear the heart cries of your miserable
boy,
Who'd rather have you back than earth's
proudest joy,
And since that last night in the dim years
gone
No kiss, no affection has ever been born.
Into his life so useless and drear,
Into his life that still has to wear
The vestments of poverty, in her dark train,
The long days of waiting and passionate
days,
Are strewn with pulled leaves drifting along,
Emblems of hopelessness, symbols of wrong,
The badge of obscurity, proud though alone,
Bearing the most hated of stigmas "Un-
known."
I wonder if man is e're "unknown" to God?
Or a "stranger" in Heaven, as we pass "neath
the rod
By destiny held o'er this desolate world,
From which the black banner of dead gloom
unfurled,
Floats drearily out, we see but the gloom
Which shrouds the rough base of humani-
ty's tomb,
Still He's wondering, whether, if in blest
regions fair,
He'll not be a "stranger," and an outcast up
there.
June 23d, 1883.

Southern Railways.

Nashville American.

The South's railway map is yet to be
constructed. The States north of the
Ohio present such a gridiron of railways
that there is scarcely room for any more,
and consequently railway capital is seek-
ing the almost virgin field of the South.
Wherever cotton is grown and manufac-
tured near the gin—wherever coal is dug,
and coke is made, and ores melted into
pigs, from hills within a stone's throw
of each other, there railways are sure to
find their way. The rapid industrial develop-
ment of the South—its proved economic
advantages for the manufacture of cot-
ton and iron, leave no room for doubt
about the future of its railway system.
That the South is not receiving immigra-
tion, and largely, is belied by every
passenger list of every train that crosses
the Ohio river in the direction of the
Gulf. That the civilized world is afraid of
getting into the South has not a scintilla
of proof to sustain a lie of such colossal
proportions. The towns that are growing
up in the vicinity of the iron and coal
regions—the census reports and statistics
of population, all refute the groins and
reckless slander.

FOR THE CLARION.]

Mr. Singleton and the Presidential
Steal.

Endavoring to parry the force of my
observations touching the nomination of
Mr. Singleton for the Speakership, THE
CLARION seems, in its last issue, either
to have failed to perceive the point of
my objection to its unqualified condem-
nation of Ex-Speaker Randall and its
ardent laudation of Mr. Singleton, or to
now desire to shift the grounds of its
nomination.

In THE CLARION of May 20 was an
editorial statement that the strongest
point yet made against Mr. Randall was
the following arraignment taken from
the New York World, viz:

"After all the rascalities of the return-
ing boards had become known; after the
frauds and perjuries of the Electoral
Commission had been consummated; after
the road had been made clear for a re-
versal of the popular verdict in the
Presidential election, even then the
defeated Republican candidate, Ruther-
ford B. Hayes, could not have been ac-
cording the office stolen from Mr. Tilden,
if Speaker Randall had not aided the
Republican minority of the House on
the evening of March 1 and the early
morning of March 2, 1877, in forcing a
vote on the objections sent down from
the joint convention, thus bringing the
convention again together to complete
the fraudulent count." THE CLARION
quotes this approvingly, and puts it
down as the strongest point made against
Mr. Randall.

Looking about for a man who could
not be brought to aid a Republican
minority in a Presidential steal, the
CLARION discovers the object of its
search in the person of Mr. Singleton.

Thinking the usually accurate CLARION
had put its foot into it, an article
was written for last week's CLARION
showing that Mr. Singleton by his vote
on ten or fifteen separate propositions,
aided Mr. Randall and a Republican
minority "to complete the fraudulent
count." The case seemed pretty well
made out that THE CLARION had not
found in Mr. Singleton the fittest instru-
ment with which to punish Mr. Randall's
iniquity.

Now, however, THE CLARION says
itself, and its readers are perfectly
familiar with the fact that Mr. Singleton
did not vote to prevent the consummation
of the count, and that the fact has been
frequently reiterated.

I read clearly and with great pleasure
every column of THE CLARION, and I
have not detected any iteration of this
fact in its columns. It surely was not
iterated in the issue of May 20. When
Randall was put under the ban for the
doing of that thing which it now appears,
Singleton aided him with his vote every
time.

But enough. The intelligent readers
of THE CLARION will see that if Ran-
dall helped the Republicans steal the
Presidency, he had the backing of Mr.
Singleton on the memorable 1st, and 2d
March, 1877, in so doing. We must not
make fish of one and fowl of the other.

Mr. Singleton may be the proper man
for Speaker of the next House, but THE
CLARION has given the wrong reason.
Its boomerang, thrown at Randall, has
flown back and struck its own candidate
square between the eyes. But it has
done more and worse: it has refreshed
the public mind with the proof of Mr.
Singleton's having done, so far as his
vote availed, what Mr. Randall was him-
self charged with doing.

"RECORD."

Miss Jessie Alcorn a Dramatic Debu-
tante.

Baritby in Memphis Appeal.]

A notable social event of recent oc-
currence was the appearance of Miss
Jessie Alcorn, the accomplished daugh-
ter of Ex-Gov. Alcorn, of Eagle Nest,
Miss., at our Opera house in that sweet
pastoral of Charles Reade's, entitled,
"Dora." Miss Alcorn assuming the title
role. Miss Alcorn is too well known to
the cultivated people of Memphis to re-
quire any introduction. Her recitations
upon several occasions in Memphis have
already been warmly commended by the
Appeal. It only remains to be said
that in the delineation of characters
Miss Alcorn is equally as finished and
capable as in the enunciation of lofty
lines. In the galaxy of distinguished
and cultured women of our sunny clime,
Miss Alcorn is certainly destined to oc-
cupy a foremost place.

Women and the Medical Society.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]

A circular was lately sent to every
member of the Massachusetts Medical
Society asking him: "Do you favor the
admission of women to the society on
the same terms with men?" There are
1,343 members, and 1,132 replies were
received, of which 709 were affirmative,
400 negative, and 23 indifferent. It
curiously appears that the number of
doctors who would not object to consult
with the women on account of their sex
was much larger than the number favor-
ing her membership of the society—
namely, 331 out of the 1,077 replies re-
ceived. There is nothing, then, to hin-
der any woman who presents herself as a
candidate from gaining membership in
this old society, provided there is any
adequate representation at the annual
meeting.

That Sleeping Car Decision.

Referring to the recent decision in the
Guardian case, that when a Sleeping
Car Company charges an extra price for
furnishing "sleeping facilities to
travelers," it is bound to protect them
when asleep; the New York Times says
the mere fact that by this decision a
company is bound to protect its sleeping
car passengers from robbery is not the
most important feature of the case.
Unless the passenger who has bought
a sleeping car ticket has opportunities
to sleep, he is defrauded. He must
be protected in using his facilities
for sleeping—in other words, the
company must not only supply beds, but
it must make it possible for people to
sleep in them.

THE MISSISSIPPI PUBLIC INSTI-
TUTIONS.

Interesting Description.

Catherine Cole in N. O. Picayune.]

The asylum building is an accurate
copy of a similar building in Paris, and
beautiful and finished as it is and built
of the best materials, the cost was only
\$40,000. Mississippi, by the way, is one
of the few States that can mention with
pride all of its State officials, hence the
unmistakable prosperity one sees on all
sides. The efficient Superintendent of
the Blind Asylum is Dr. Langley, assist-
ed by his daughters. The inmates have
every comfort. There are few homes in
the South more cozy and cheerily fur-
nished than this asylum, even to the
rows of gay pots of mignonette, red moss
and geraniums, which blossom cheerily
at all the windows. In the wide chapel,
which has the depth of the house, the
wood carvings on balustrades and posts
and doors are such as one may find in
many an old English church. Here the
blind girls came to sing for us. Their
rich cultured voices filled the wide hall
with melody. The outer chapel doors
stood open and I looked down on the
sloping hill sides, dotted here and there
with huddled clumps of trees, from
whose quivering shade a red chimney or
a white tower or a thin flag of smoke
arose. Far away stretched the peaceful
valley—broken fields, brown but pic-
turesque shaded pastures, where were
lovely Jersey cattle, peaceful homes un-
der the elms and oaks, and still farther
off, here and there, the red outlines of a
smoking brick kiln. In the other direc-
tion the mingled grasses and fields of
waving grain swept down to the belt of
trees outlining the course of Pearl
River. The blind ones, with their arms
about each other, sang on their evening
hymn, and the peace and beauty of the
hour and surroundings were unlike the
ordinary prosaic events of newspaper life.

The stately stone building with its fine
central tower and five turrets, known
as the State Lunatic Asylum, is situated
on the top of a hill. A magnificent
park, planted in blue grass with clusters
of fine trees and long shaded avenues
and gravelled drives, sweeps off from the
imposing structure. A hundred or so
women were scattered over the park.
Here a little group of them chatting
their marine thoughts to each other;
there knelt one in the sweet scented
clover washing her hands with impercep-
tible soap in imperceptible water. Still
another lay at full length under an elm
tree staring up through the quivering
tangle of leaves at the luminous sky
bending above her. Her outstretched
arms were buried under the tall clover
blossoms. Dr. Thos. J. Mitchell, one of
the most polished men and successful
physicians, has been superintendent of
the asylum since 1878. By him we were
shown over the building from the hand-
some parlor with its fine engravings to the
spotless wards of the inmates, through
the dining-rooms, kitchens and stables.

There are 461 patients in the hospital,
who cost the State each per year the
small sum of \$146. The asylum has an
immense farm, worked mostly by the
men; enough peaches, strawberries,
melons and vegetables are raised to sup-
ply all of the inmates. Last year 6000
bushels of sweet potatoes were grown.
The patients are encouraged to out-door
life and work as the best physic for
them. Their rooms are neatly furnish-
ed, many of them having pretty little
fancy work of the inmates making scat-
tered about. There are pictures on the
walls, and books, papers and magazines
for such as wish them. There is a fine
dairy, and plenty of milk, butter and
wholesome food. This asylum looks
like some grand old residence of a coun-
try gentleman, with its fine stables,
orchards and pleasure grounds. Thus
does Mississippi care for her pauper in-
sane. Forty per cent. of these people
recover their reason, mostly among the
whites.

We all are wont to talk earnestly and
grandly about a home-life for women.
Gov. Shands at Brookhaven spoke elo-
quently of it—the majority of men will
tell you that it is woman's duty to look
after her house, yet the statistics of in-
sane asylums in the North show that
the majority of women who become crazy
are farmers' wives; the statistics of the
Mississippi Insane Asylum, which is
undoubtedly the model asylum of the
South, show that more housewives go
crazy than any other class of women,
and after them come farmers' wives and
daughters! It is years and generations
of driving, endless, stubborn labor that
thus punishes our women. Cooking,
washing, ironing, sewing, scrubbing,
mending for five, eight, ten persons,
year in and year out, a life as drear as a
desert, that is the main feeder of our
insane asylums. In one room, as we
made our rounds, sat a white-haired ve-
man, bent and wrinkled and old. Not
an eyelid even quivered as our noisy
party stopped to look in at her. Her
clashed hands were rough from such
heavy work that not even years of rest
in the asylum had smoothed out the
horny wrinkles. She had been a house-
wife, had given the best of her life, may
all of her life to husband and children,
slaving as only a woman can slave, each
swift step she took over her own cottage
ground bringing her nearer to the pauper
asylum of manias. The floor of her
bedroom in the asylum shone white as
scrubbing with soap and water could
make it, and by her bedside from the
door to the pitilessly barred windows
her restless feet had worn deep hollows
in the hard floor. I protest that in each
of these hollows one might have found
almost half a pint of water. A sadder
sight eyes never gazed upon.

The penitentiary, a brick building un-
comfortably near the heart of the city
and the State House, has been leased to
Col. J. S. Hamilton, of Jackson, for \$40,
000 a year. Until Col. Hamilton got
the lease the convicts, of whom there
are on the register 845, were a great in-
cubus upon the State. At present the
men are mostly at work building rail-
roads, of which, by the way, there are
at present over 700 miles in course of
construction. The convicts in the peni-
tentiary make wagons, furniture, and do
farm work. The place is scrupulously
clean, and is evidently in the hands of
careful, conscientious officers.

For the wagons and furniture there
are almost inexhaustible supplies of
hickory and beech and pine forests.
Col. Hamilton is said to be the most
generous and one of the most public
spirited men in the place. He has offer-
ed to put up a cotton factory here com-
plete, taking the buildings as his share
of stock, but odd enough, his offer hangs
fire. The handsomest residence in Jack-
son, set as are so many of the houses in
absolute parks, belongs to Col. Hamilton.

SARGENT SMITH PRENTISS.

Ben Parley Poore's Recollections.]

Sargent Smith Prentiss was the
most eloquent speaker that I have
ever heard. The lane and lispings
boy from Maine had ripened under the
Southern sun, into a master-orator.
The original, ever varying and beau-
tiful, imagery with which he illus-
trated and enforced his arguments,
impressed Webster, Clay and John
Quincy Adams. But his forte lay in
arraigning his political opponents,
when his oratory was "terrible as an
army with banners;" nothing could
stand against the energy of his look,
gesture and impressed logic, when
once he was fairly under way, in de-
picting and denouncing the tricks,
duplicity, and selfish cunning of mere
party management. The printed re-
marks of his speeches are mere skel-
etons, which give but a faint idea of
them. Even the few rhetorical pas-
sages that are retained have lost much
of their original form and beauty.
The professional stenographers con-
fessed themselves utterly baffled in
their attempts to report him, and
he was quite unfitted to report
himself. Indeed, he complained
that he never could reproduce the
best thoughts, still less the exact lan-
guage of his speeches. Impatient and
impracticable in the use of the pen, he
spoke not only with more power, but
in better style than he wrote.

Mr. Prentiss used to narrate some
amusing reminiscences of his elector-
eering in Mississippi. On one oc-
casion he arranged a route through
his district; which was announced by
handbill, and the proprietor of a cir-
cus thought that he would avail him-
self of the gathering by exhibiting on
the same day that Mr. Prentiss spoke.
At the first meeting Prentiss found
a large audience, and began to speak
with more than usual energy. When
he had spoken about an hour he ob-
served some of the outsiders looking
over their shoulders, and this move-
ment was gradually followed by more
of his audience. He began to think
he was growing dull, and endeavored
to rouse himself up to more animation
but it was all in vain. He at
length looked in the direction and
there to his horror just coming over
the hill, was the elephant, dressed in
his scarlet trappings and Oriental
splendor, with a boudah on his back
occupied by the musicians, and in the
rear came a long line of wagons and
cages. A foolish feeling of vanity
not to be outdone by the elephant,
came over him, and he kept on talking
and appealing to the people in the
name of the State, their patriotism,
etc., etc., but all in vain. A few
well-mannered persons remained, but
evidently they were retained only by
their politeness.

He found it was of no use. So he
said: "Well ladies and gentlemen I
am beaten; but I have the consolation
of knowing that it is not by my com-
petitor. I will not knock under to
two-legged beasts, but I yield to the
elephant." To be sure he was at first
provoked by the preference shown to
abstain above himself but on reflection
he was inclined to think the people
were right. A Bengal tiger or an In-
dian elephant was an animal then to
be seen only in a life time, but politics
they could hear every day. He said,
however, he had his revenge a few
days afterwards. He found that he
must come to an understanding with
the caravan. So he agreed with the
party that at Holly Springs he would
address the people under the awning
for one hour and then he would give
way to the monkeys and the clown.
He hoped this would not be charged
on him as "bargain and corruption;"
at any rate it was honestly carried
out by both parties. Between him-
self and the party a large assemblage
was gathered under the immense
canvass. One of the cages was con-
verted into a platform. He heard a
low sound which resembled a growl,
and learned that his nearest neighbor
was a hyena. There were large gurg-
holes in the top of the box, for the
admission of air. He commenced
speaking and when he reached the
blood and thunder portion of his
speech he ran his cane into the cage
and called forth a most horrible yell
from the enraged animal, at the
same time gesticulating violently
with the other hand.

"Why my fellow citizens," he would
exclaim, "the very beasts are shocked
at the political baseness and corrup-
tion of the times! See how this wor-
thy fellow just below me is scandal-
ized! hear his yell of patriotic shame
and indignation!" The effect was
electric and called down the house in
a perfect tempest of enthusiasm.
He hurled his anathemas at his foes,
and enforced them by the yells of
his neighbor. The hyena was good
for a hundred votes, and he thus con-
verted a mischief into a profit.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF AD-
VERSITY.

Snow Flake.]

This life is but a checkered scene,
And those that cannot bear
The crosses of adversity,
Or note the weight of care.

Can never realize that woe
Conceals the purest grace;
That 'neath a frowning providence,
God hides a smiling face.

The clouds that intercept the sky
Seem dreary, dark and rude,
As every brilliant ray of light
Those gloomy shades exclude.

But when the gloomy shades have flown,
The sun, with splendor bright,
Reflects upon a bluer sky
A purer, clearer light.

If winter's bleak, unwelcome blasts
Their storms would never bring,
No one could realize the joy
Of an approaching spring.

Each storm in life is followed by
Its corresponding calm;
For every pain, there is, in turn,
An unknown, soothing balm.

So, oft on sandy desert plains,
Where comfort is unknown,
The traveler pants for rest and shade,
Beneath the burning sun.

When he has reached the oasis,
Where nature's beauties glow,
His heart with deepest gratitude
Is made to overflow.

The flower that blooms in solitude
Conceals its fragrance there,
Till, severed from its tiny stem,
Its sweet perfume is rare.

When crushed and bruised, the tender leaves,
That once were naught but bloom,
Will render, in their withered state,
Abundant, rich perfume.

Fresh from the mine, the golden ore
Is naught but worthless stone.
To render pure, the dross must be
Consumed by fire alone.

While day reveals of nature's realm
One universe, the night
Brings myriads of floating worlds
Of splendor to our sight.
No human heart was ever blest
With joy's unchanging light;
For hours must come in every life,
When sunshine turns to night.

Then welcome, cold adversity,
A more complete disguise
Ne'er robes a purer, holier form
Of bliss beneath the skies.

Altho' the cold, oppressive hand
May almost crush the soul,
It points to Gilead's soothing balm,
That makes the spirit whole.

Though every earthly friend may lie
Beneath the mouldering sod,
The holy spirits live to draw
Our fainting hearts to God.

Adversity thus snaps the cord
Of earth's fast fleeting love,
That we may learn to live and hope
For holier bonds above.

Its mission in that realm will reign
Through all eternity,
And prove to us the sweet reward
Of cold adversity.

Politeness.

Snow Flake.]

To the acquisition of the rare quality
of politeness, so much of the enlightened
understanding is necessary, that we can-
not but consider every book in every
science, which tends to make us wiser and
better, as a treatise on a more
enlarged system of politeness.

It is a jewel which all should strive to
possess, and which, when once obtained,
should be guarded with jealous care lest,
unconsciously, it forsake us. What is
more beautiful to refined eyes and hearts
than true politeness?

When Pope Clement XIV. ascended
the papal chair, the ambassadors of the
several States represented at his court,
waited on him with their congratulations.
When they were introduced they bowed,
and he returned the compliment by bow-
ing also. Then the master of the cere-
monies told his Highness that he should
not have returned their salute. "Oh!
I beg your pardon," said the pontiff, "I
have not been Pope long enough to for-
get good manners."

People never get too grand, too good,
or of too much importance, to be kind
and polite to the most lowly in life.
Many a poor burdened heart, grown
sad and heavy by misfortune, trouble
and distress, has been cheered beyond
description by a simple word or act of
genuine politeness.

How noble the principle in the words
of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney,
who, when he lay wounded on the battle-
field and was offered a cup of cold water,
as he motioned it to a suffering soldier at
his side, said "This man's necessity is
greater than mine."

True politeness is not wholly made up
of graceful manners and courtly conver-
sation, and a strict adherence to the
rules of fashion, however agreeable these
may be.

It is something less superficial than
these accomplishments.
Genuine courtesy grows out of an
assiduous self-denial and a constant con-
sideration of the happiness of others.

The forms and usages of etiquette
derive all their beauty and significance
from the fact that each of them requires
the sacrifice of one's own ease and con-
venience to another's comfort.

No one was ever known to lose any-
thing by politeness.

Once in battle, while an officer was
bowing to a subordinate, a cannon ball
passed over his head, and decapitated a
soldier who stood behind him. "You
see," said the officer to those near him,
"that a man never loses by politeness."

MEDICAL.

Disease of the Kidneys.
THE frequency and fatality of this
disease, and the essential nature of
early and efficient treatment, are
recalled to the mind by the following
account of the history of a case, which
gives the history of the disease, and
shows the progress of the disease, and
the results of the treatment.
The patient, a man, was 40 years of
age, and had been suffering from the
disease for several years. The disease
was characterized by the following
symptoms:—
1. Pain in the back, especially in the
loins.
2. Swelling of the face, especially in the
morning.
3. Headache, especially in the fore-
head.
4. Nausea and vomiting.
5. Loss of appetite.
6. Weakness and general debility.
7. Frequent urination, especially at
night.
8. Urine of a dark, smoky color.
9. Presence of blood and pus in the
urine.
10. Presence of casts in the urine.
The patient was treated with various
medications, but without success. He
was finally taken to the hospital, where
he was treated with the following
medications:—
1. Digitalis.
2. Calomel.
3. Opium.
4. Strychnine.
5. Iron.
6. Quinine.
7. Potassium.
8. Sodium.
9. Magnesium.
10. Calcium.
The patient died on the 10th day of
his illness.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS



Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a
preparation of the most valuable
ingredients, which are carefully
selected and prepared in the most
perfect manner. It is a powerful
stimulant, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is also
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the liver and gall-
bladder. It is a powerful
diuretic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
kidneys and bladder. It is a
powerful expectorant, and is used
in the treatment of all diseases of
the lungs and throat. It is a
powerful tonic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
nervous system. It is a powerful
antacid, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antispasmodic, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antiseptic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antineuralgic, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antidote, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antivenereal, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antisyphilitic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antileprosy, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
anticholeric, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antipneumonic, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antitubercular, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antiscrophulous, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antisyphilitic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antileprosy, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
anticholeric, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antipneumonic, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antitubercular, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antiscrophulous, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels.

HOME SANITARY
PURIFIES THE BLOOD



Home Sanitary Purifier is a
preparation of the most valuable
ingredients, which are carefully
selected and prepared in the most
perfect manner. It is a powerful
stimulant, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is also
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the liver and gall-
bladder. It is a powerful
diuretic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
kidneys and bladder. It is a
powerful expectorant, and is used
in the treatment of all diseases of
the lungs and throat. It is a
powerful tonic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
nervous system. It is a powerful
antacid, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antispasmodic, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antiseptic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antineuralgic, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antidote, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antivenereal, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antisyphilitic, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antileprosy, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
anticholeric, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antipneumonic, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels. It is a powerful
antitubercular, and is used in the
treatment of all diseases of the
stomach and bowels. It is a
powerful antiscrophulous, and is
used in the treatment of all
diseases of the stomach and
bowels.

DR. J. S. KNAPP & HILKE.
HAVE REMOVED FROM THE CORNER
OF STATE AND PEARL STS.
TO THE CORNER OF STATE AND PEARL STS.
over Leubetter's Drug Store.
Where they will attend to the practice of
DENTISTRY in all its BRANCHES.
MAY 1883.

Back in Jackson to Stay!</